

The BOOK OF DREAMS was published in 2015 under mysterious circumstances by obscure persons for arcane and esoteric reasons. It is not sold for any amount of money. Offer what you will, but expect the response of only a puzzled stare, however if you are supposed to have a copy one will come to you. The creator of this work exists only in the universe of dreams with only the slightest help from the meat body that resides in the world of money, work and laws. This work is not copyrighted, but do not steal it and publish it as yours. Stealing the dreams of another is at best sort of sad and at worst abhorrently pathological.



This is a weird book even for me. That is because it was written by my unconscious mind.

I have had a very active dream life since I was a young child. As a young child, however it was not much fun. I was plagued by nightmares, night terrors and haunting phobic visions resulting in tons of bed wetting much loss of sleep by my mother in her attempts to comfort me when I would wake up screaming. I didn't start having mostly benign dreams until I had gotten through puberty but still had the occasional waking up with tremors or cold sweats until I was halfway through my twenties.

In adulthood, my dreams, like those of almost everyone else are for the most part totally forgotten upon waking. The ones I remember well enough to write down an even vaguely coherent narrative account for probably less than one percent of those that actually occur.

I am told that there is a science of dreams, but I know nothing of it. I am told there are prophecies in dreams, but not in mine. I have been told that dreams can unveil the mysteries of the human heart, but mine seem to just be surrealist strangeness. That doesn't mean that they are nothing. They are an expression of just how creative I can be without my conscious mind's general uptightness. Without that overly civilized little man inside badgering me to behave myself I'm actually capable of some pretty peculiar scenarios. I don't make too much of it, you may see it differently, but if you just treat it as entertainment Slumberland is a gas.

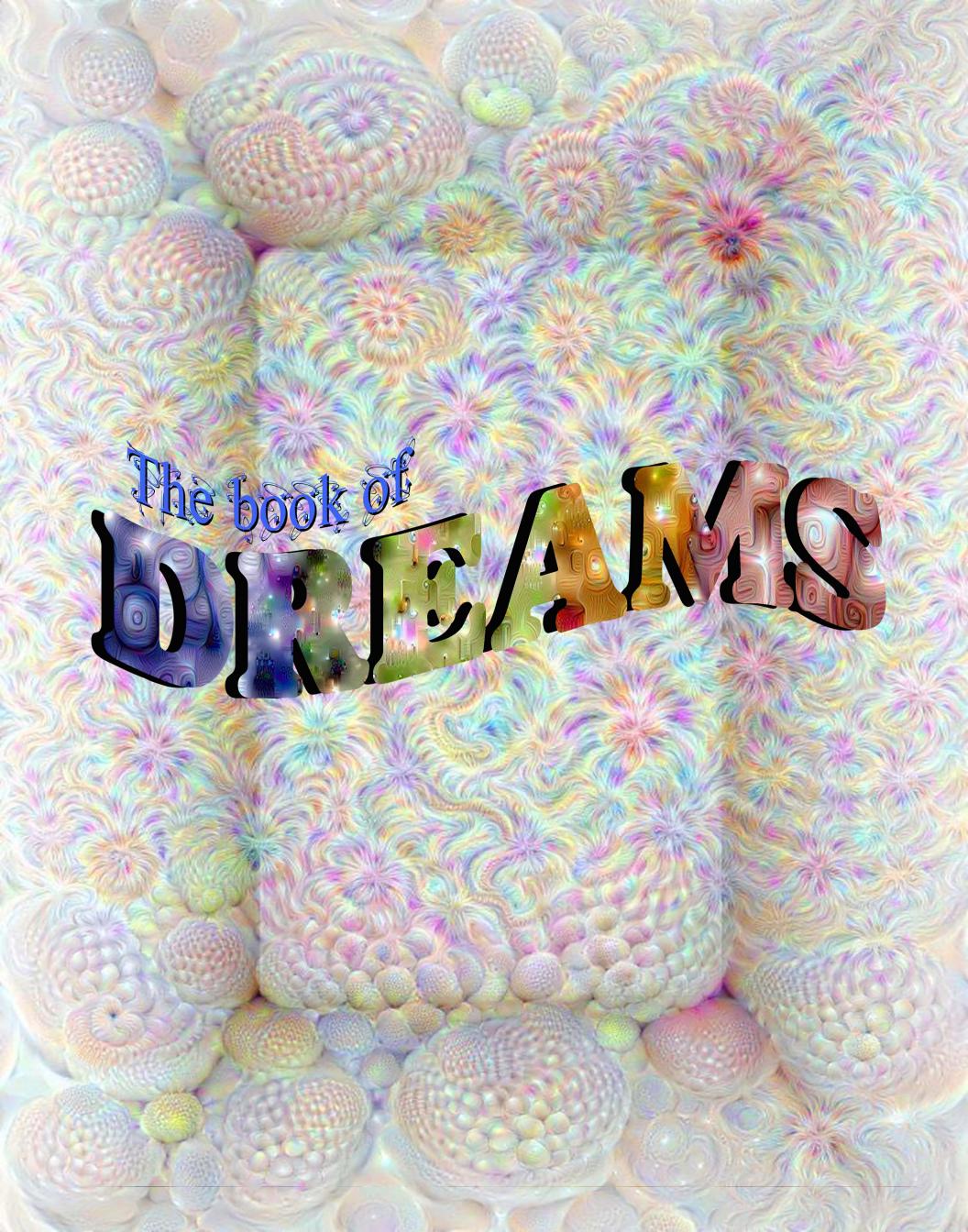
Transforming the images of dreams into descriptions, written or otherwise requires a bit of translation. The unconscious mind has a whole language of its

own that is largely unique to each individual. The texts in this book are as I wrote them as soon as was practical upon waking. The grammar is often vague and the meanings freighted with ambiguity. I try to do as little interpreting as I can get away with. I do make occasional spelling corrections and put in clarifications where it seems like a good idea to do so.

The images are another matter entirely. The medium here is electronic collage with liberal use of the Google "Deep Dream" filters as a unifying visual theme to provide an appropriately psychedelic quality. I have given myself great latitude in this regard. Not only do I not have a perfect idea of how things actually looked much of the time, but I have also chosen the medium of collage for the illustrations. When you set out to illustrate a dream, particularly with collage as your medium, you are compelled to do a bit of re-imagining, almost like letting yourself dream it all over again. Although I have put a lot of thought into the type of imagery I use, I don't want to fuss with it too much either. I want my translation into pictures to be free and spontaneous, not overly mannered. It is really easy for me to want to produce dazzling craft and have the work devolve into a mass of techy little details. I hope that I have mostly avoided that here.

Anyway, I cwe a lot to all of the people who have provided me encouragement in this strange project. For a few years I have been saying that I might do a book about my dream journal and people have almost universally said "You should" rather than "Are you sure you want to get into all that messy shit?" so I assume they either believe it will be entertaining to them to see me publicly embarrass myself or it is an actual good idea In that regard, you are the judge.

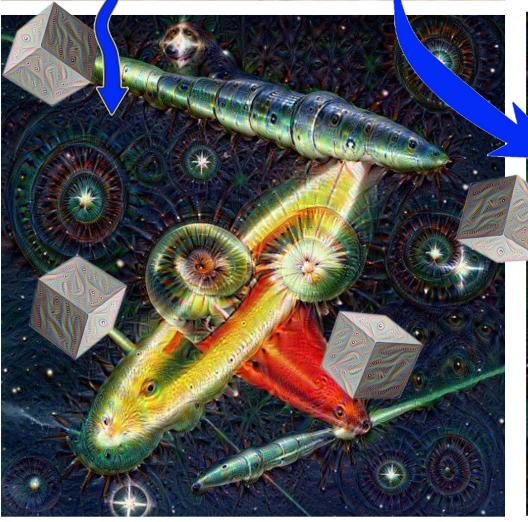
-Seth K. Deitch August 13th 2015

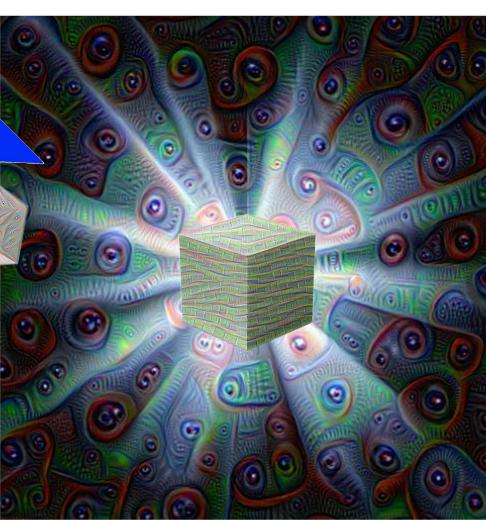


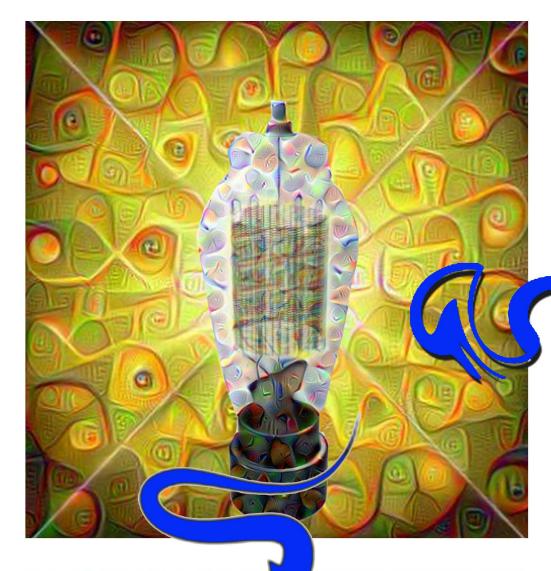


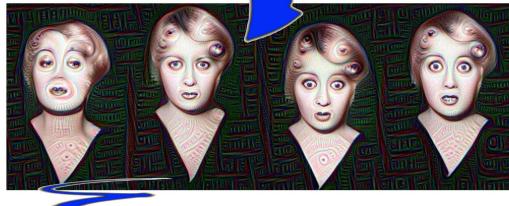






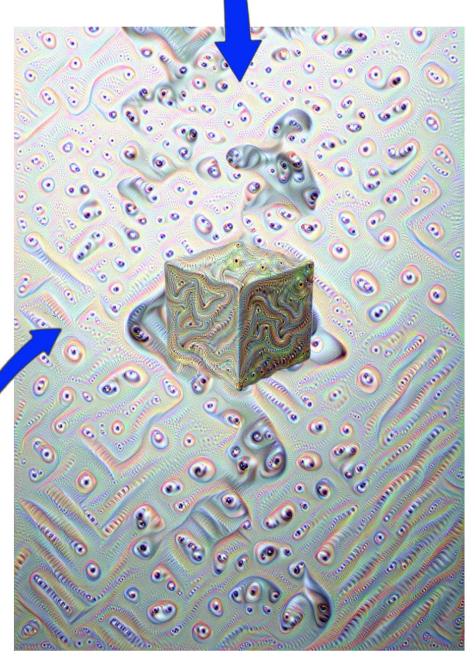


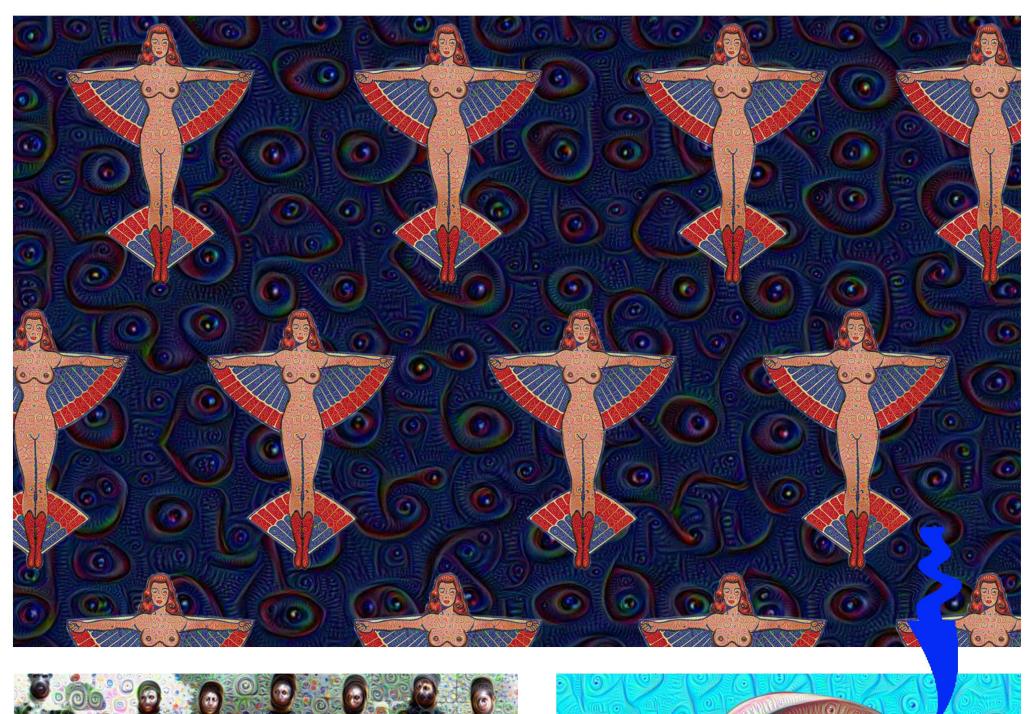




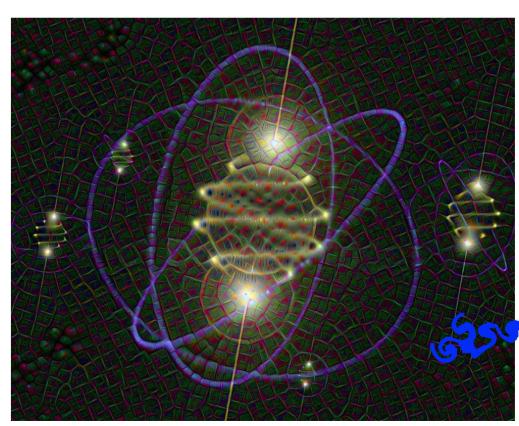




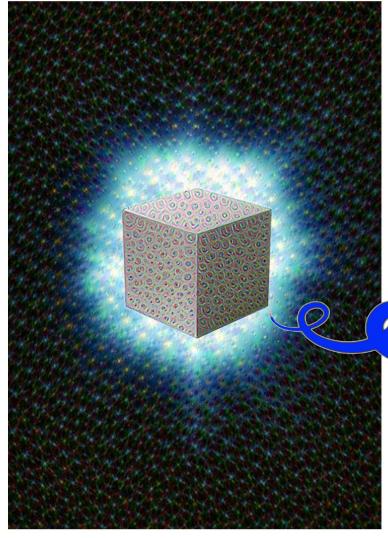


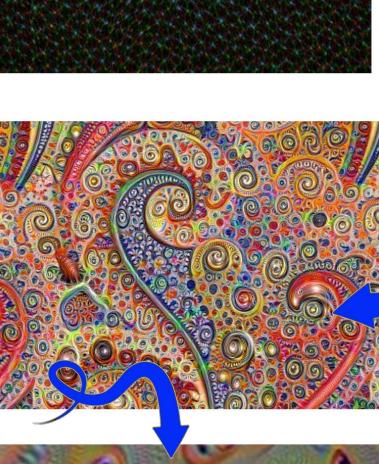


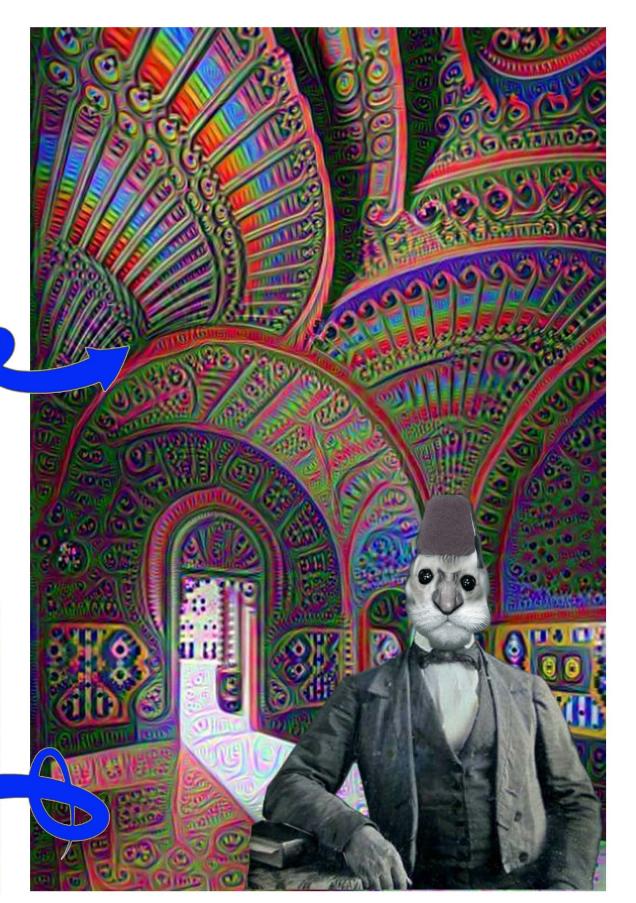


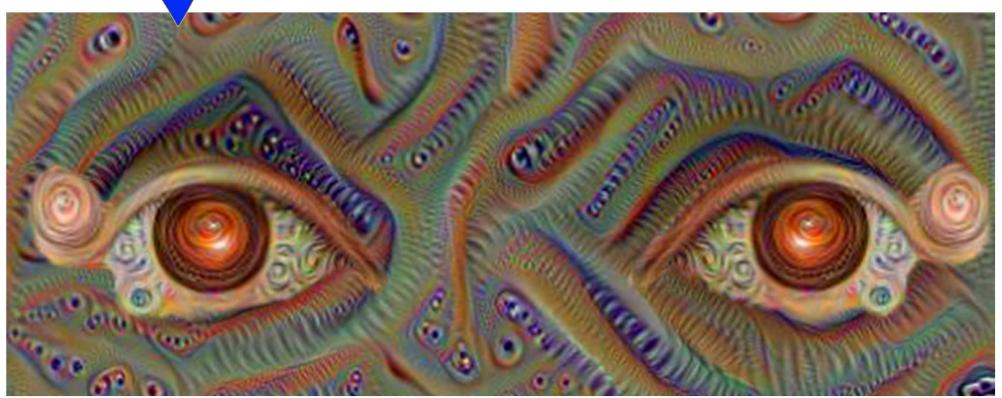


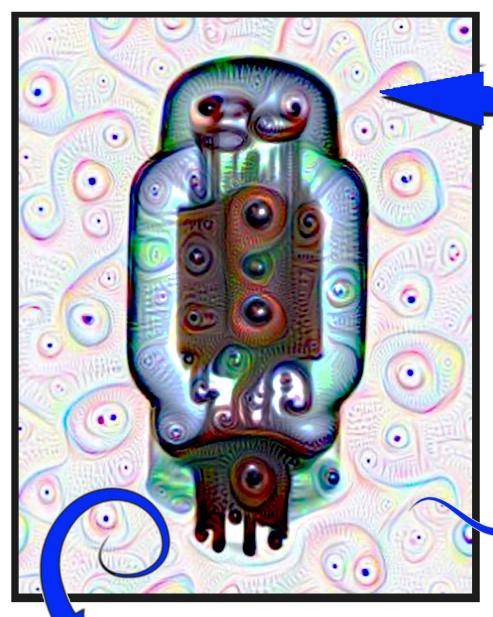


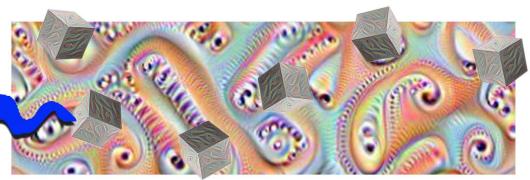


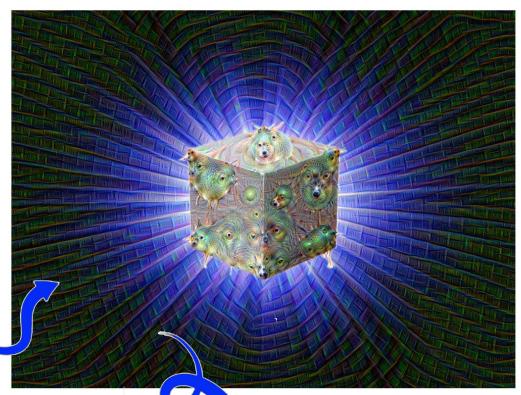




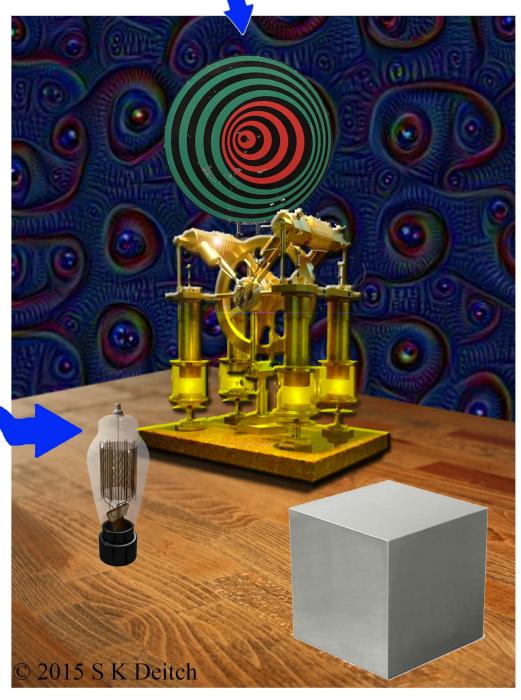










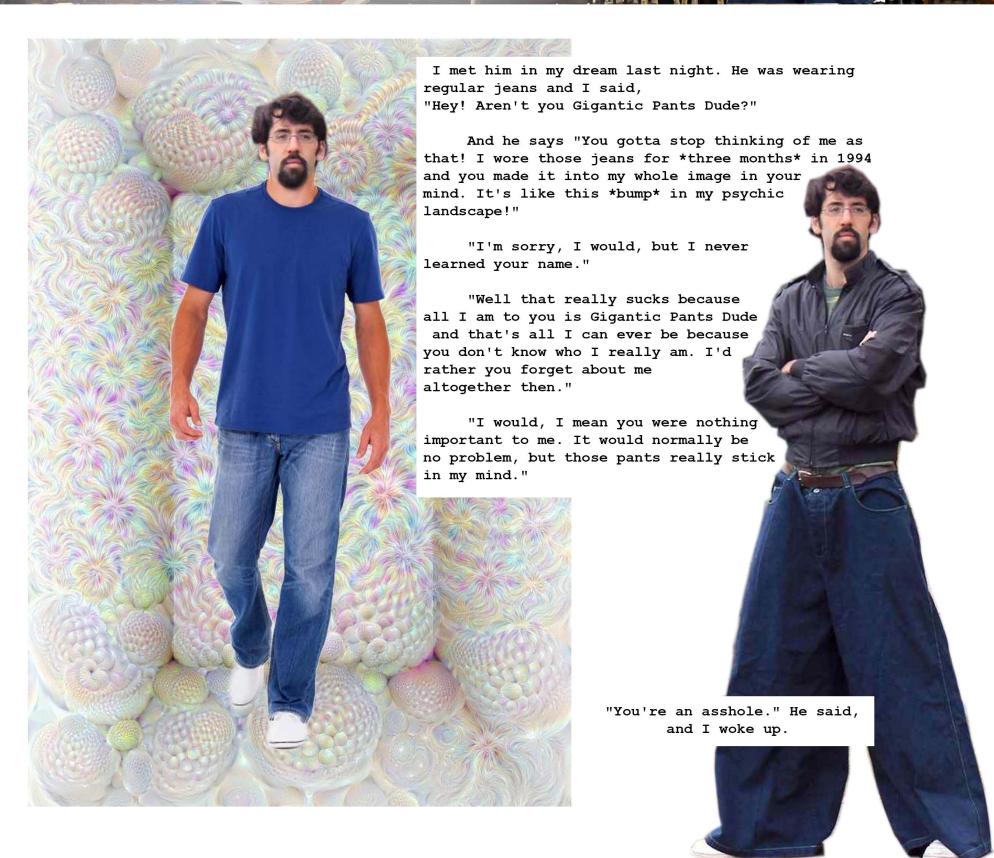


# Dream Journal 2/22/2015

I dreamed about Gigantic Pants Dude. He is a real person, not someone who my subconscious imagination invented.

Around 20 years ago when I worked at Charrete there were two parts of the place, retail in the front. Art and drafting supplies, and reprographics in the back. there wasn't a huge amount of mixing between retail and reprographics. If we were going for drinks after work it wasn't with the retail people generally, they had their own break room, etc. we were effectively two separate stores. Once for a short time, Gigantic Pants Dude worked in art supplies. He was this skinny dark-haired guy in his 20s and he wore these jeans that had really wide legs. At first I speculated that this was his first job since he had lost a huge amount of weight. A coworker pointed out that the waist seemed to be the right size for him, just that the pants were made purposely to look huge, just an oddball fashion thing He was gone in like two weeks and I never talked to him. I was back in reprographics shooting stats and he was up front running around in his huge pants restocking Cerulean blue. I never learned his name, he was always just Gigantic Pants Dude.

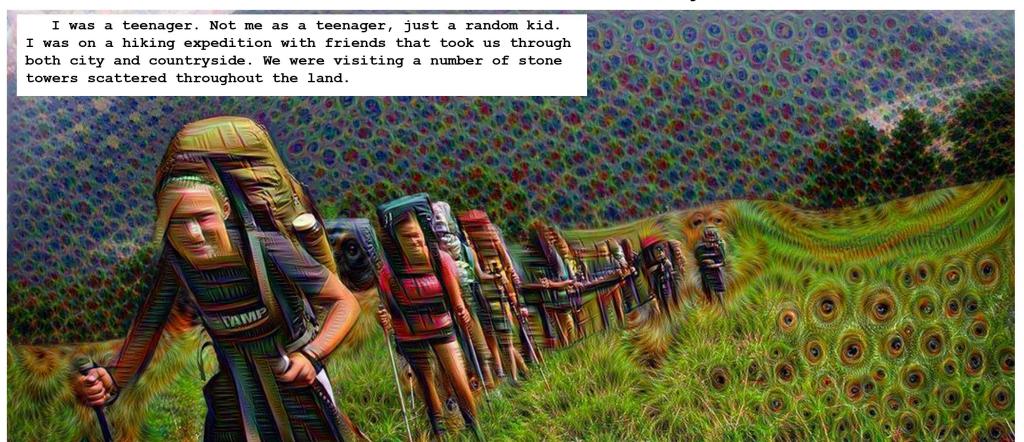






## Dream Journal 6/15/2012 Actually it happened between the time my alarm went

I had an interesting dream last night. off the first time and I set it for another half hour until I woke again.



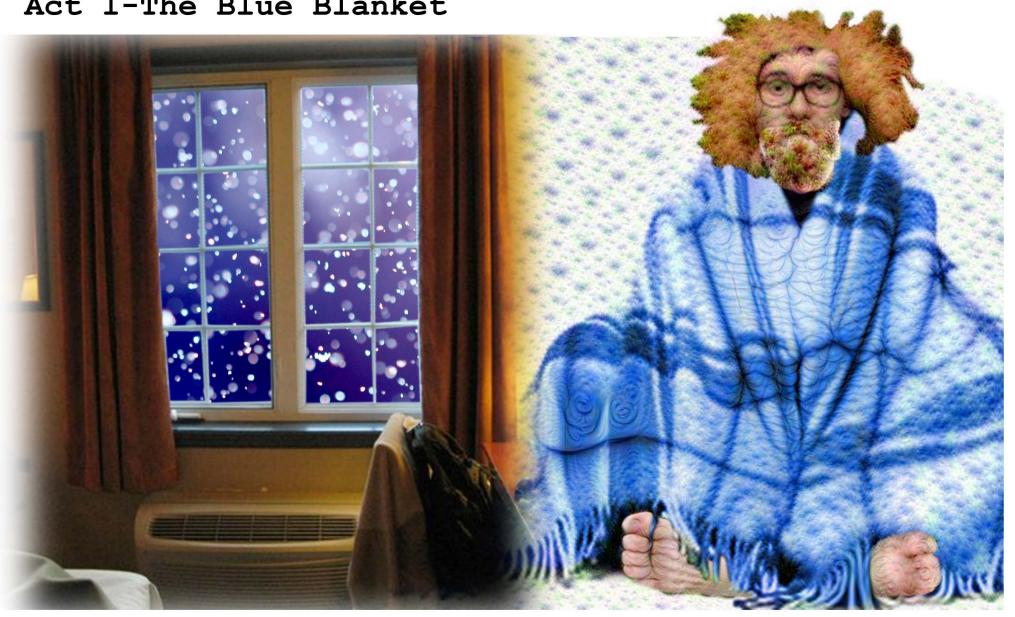
They were large structures with their bases covering several acres and their shape was like compressed cones. The proportion was similar to the Egyptian pyramids only they were much larger. Their tops were somewhere around seven hundred to one thousand feet above the landscape depending on the individual tower. My understanding was that these towers were ancient in origin, but well maintained with repairs and fresh paint. Inside they had ramps that spiraled around to the top with occasional ports that presented spectacular vistas leading to a main, open observation deck at the top from which one could see for many miles.







Dream Journal 6/18/2015
Act 1-The Blue Blanket

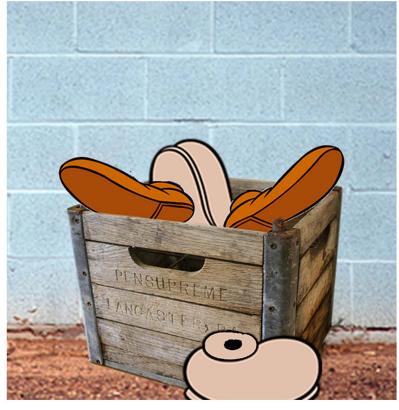


I am in a motel room. I can tell by looking out the window that it is winter. A light snow is falling. I am naked wrapped in a warm, fluffy blue blanket.

I am now outside of the motel which has a gas station attached to it. I am sitting on a bench, still naked and wrapped in the blanket. The blanket is quite warm and I am comfortable even though the snow is falling on me.



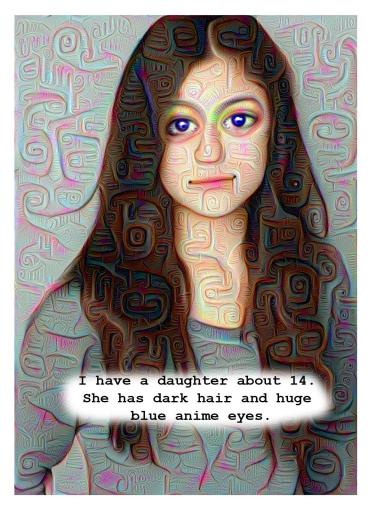




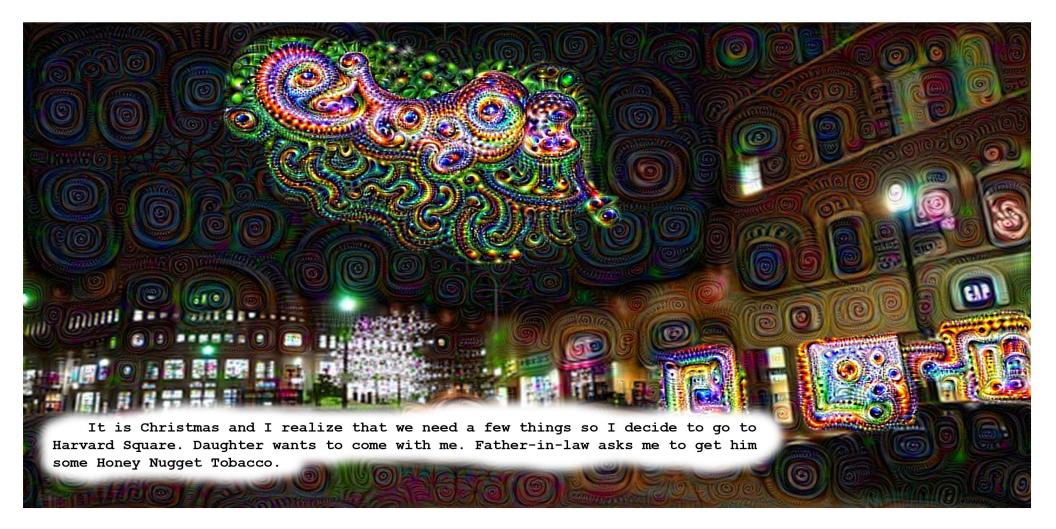
The town apparently has no zoning. Across the street from me is an auto parts store, a private house and a small shoe factory. I know they make shoes because there are some open crates of shoes sitting around. They are cartoon shoes like you would see Goofy wearing. I realize I have to meet my family.



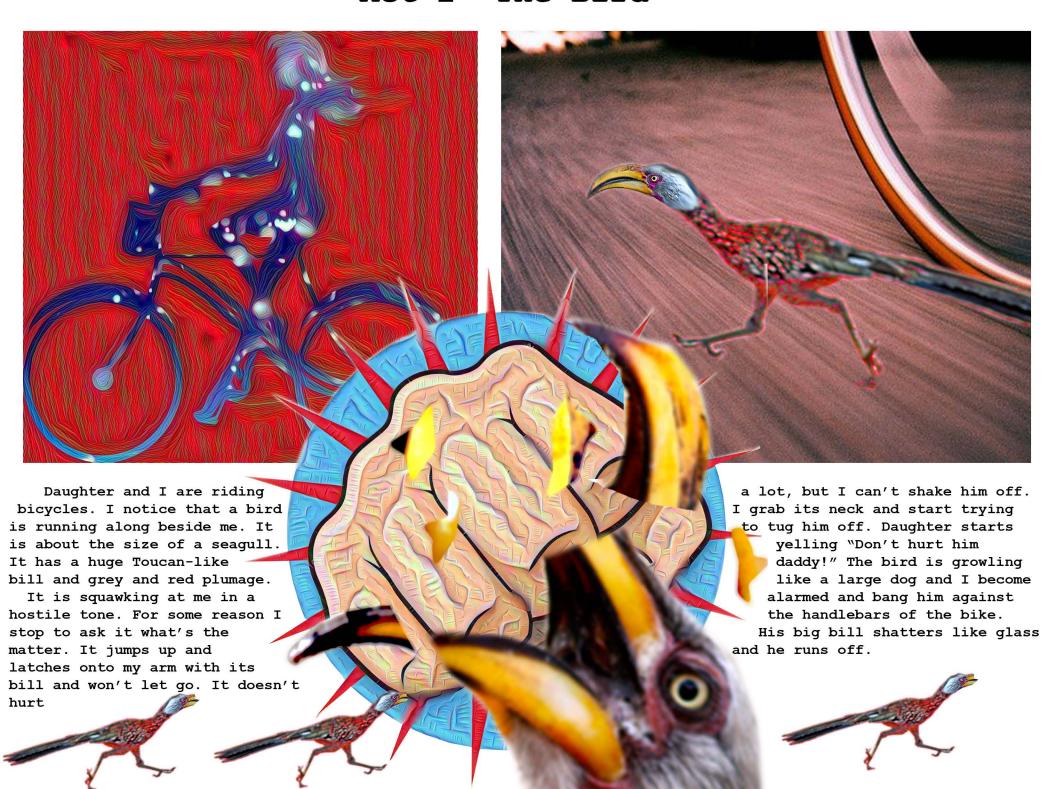








#### Act 2- The Bird



### Act 3- Honey Nugget Tobacco

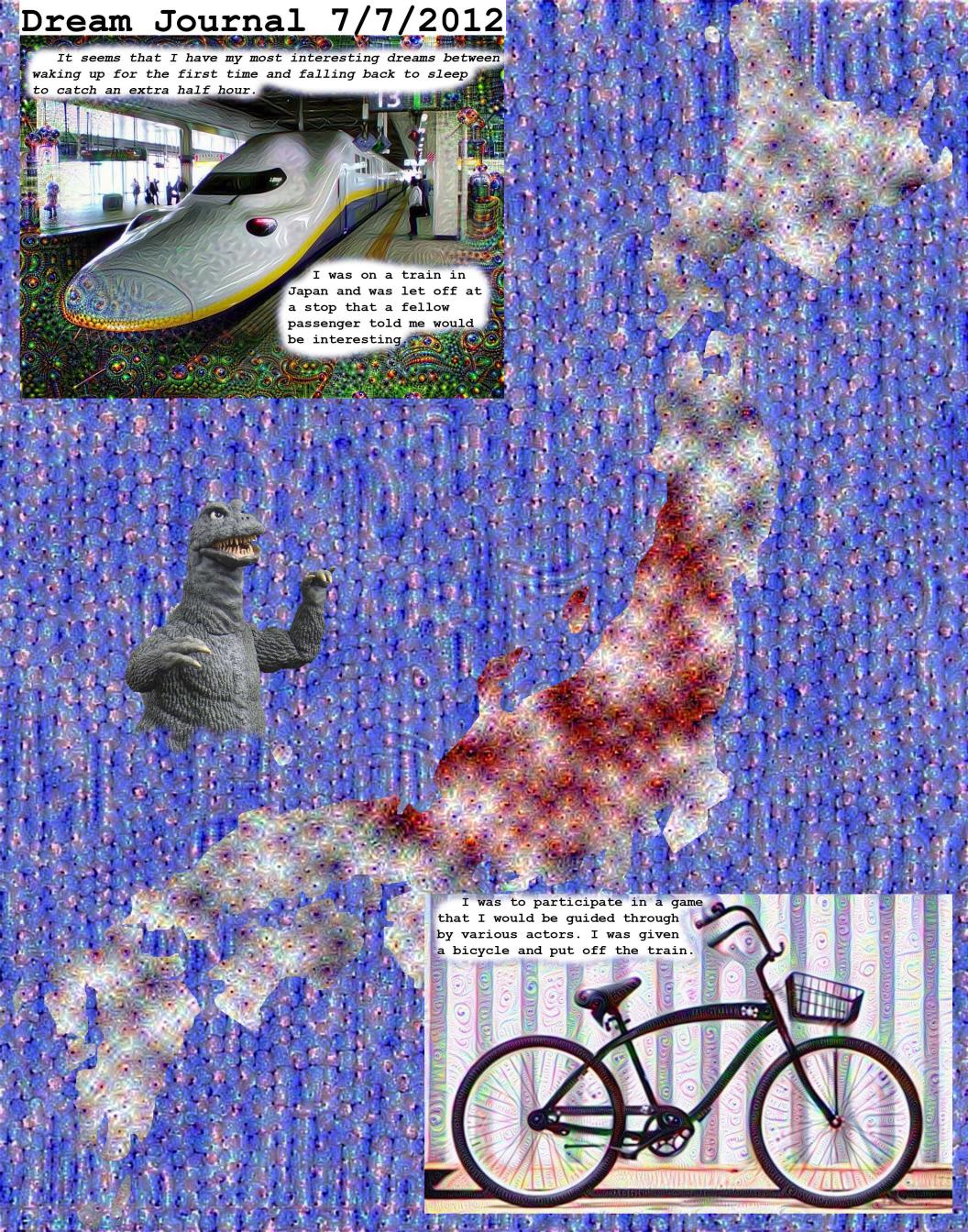


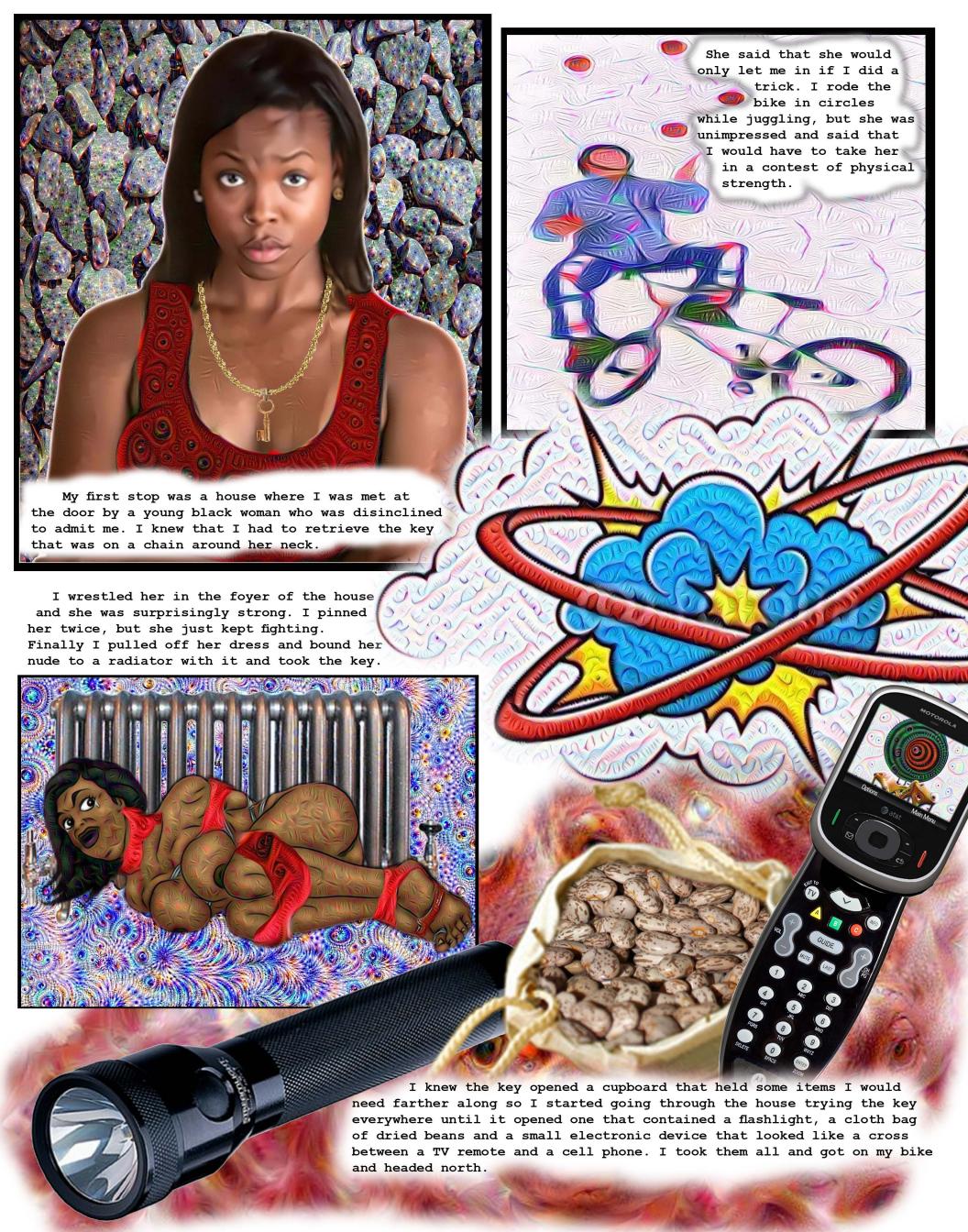
We go into a convenience store which is bigger inside than it looks on the outside, more like a department store. It has Christmas decorations, but also summer fun type displays.



We go to the tobacco department. There are two guys at the counter. One of them is a skinny guy with unkempt long hair. The other is a short red headed guy with coke-bottle glasses. That one is wearing a white lab coat with a tag indicating he is a certified tobacconist. It doesn't say that, it is a symbol of a checkmark over an Indian style "peace pipe" that is the well known symbol for certified tobacconist.

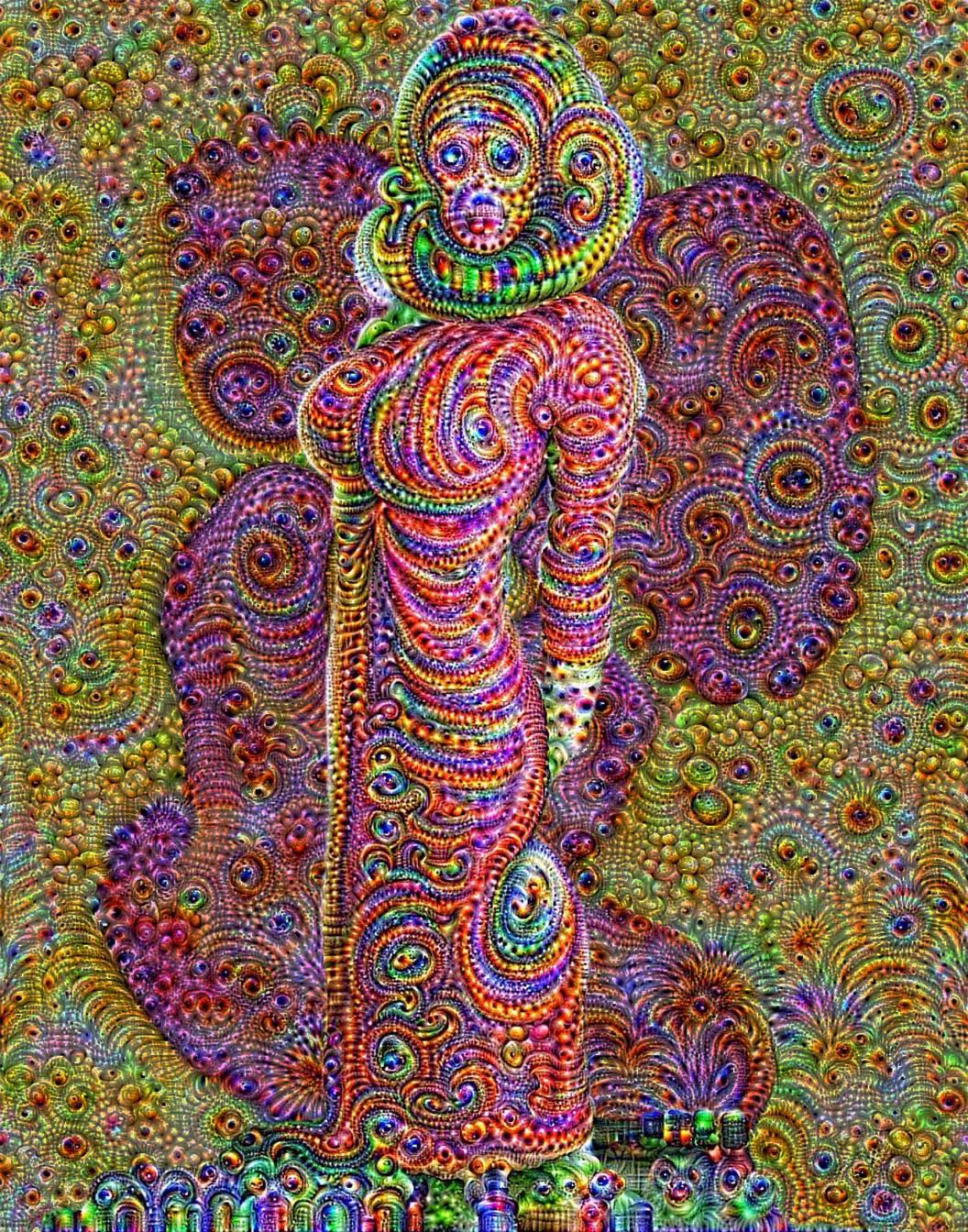














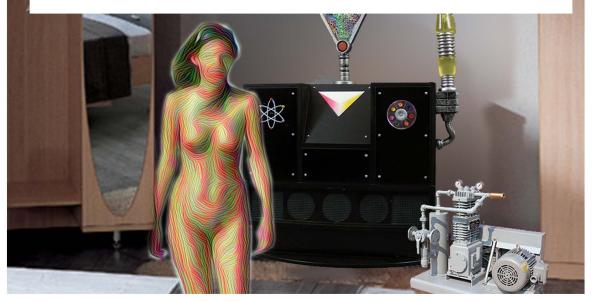
## Dream Journal 6/22/2013



My apartment was strange. People were always coming in uninvited. It also moved. Sometimes it was on the third floor, sometimes on the ground floor or somewhere else.



I woke up to find two women were passing through. One had stopped and was looking through files on my computer. When she saw I was awake she greeted me cheerfully and explained that her own computer had a broken gas compressor. Perhaps I might come and see if I could fix it? I pointed out that this was my bedroom and that I was naked. She wondered why on Earth did I keep my computer in the bedroom.

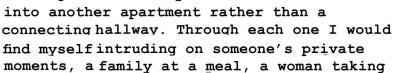




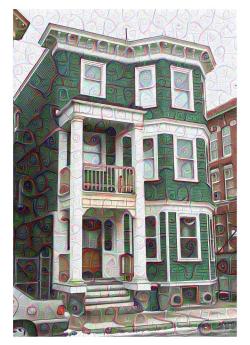
She inserted a memory cartridge into the computer, and it brought up a very tiny movie apparently the small size was a symptom ofthe low gas pressure. "My nephew's bar-mitzvah, not that you could tell from this! I really gotta get it fixed!" I begged her to leave so I could get dressed.



I went out and discovered that every door opened directly

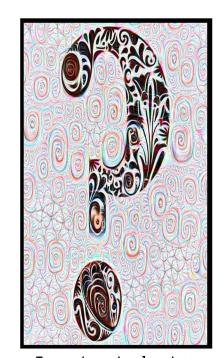


a shower, another mopping a floor who yelled at me forwalking on it's fat man sitting on the toilet, a man and wife watching television, a teenaged boy industriously masturbating. All of them paid me only minimal attention as I passed through.



Finally I got out.

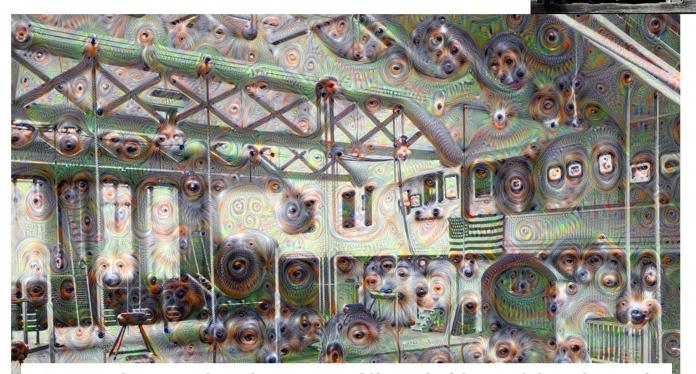
The building was an ordinary triple-decker from the outside.



I went out about my business, but what that business was I do not remember.



I returned to find that the house was an old barn of unpainted and poorly fitted planks. There was an open door with a sign over it that read "The New Percussive".

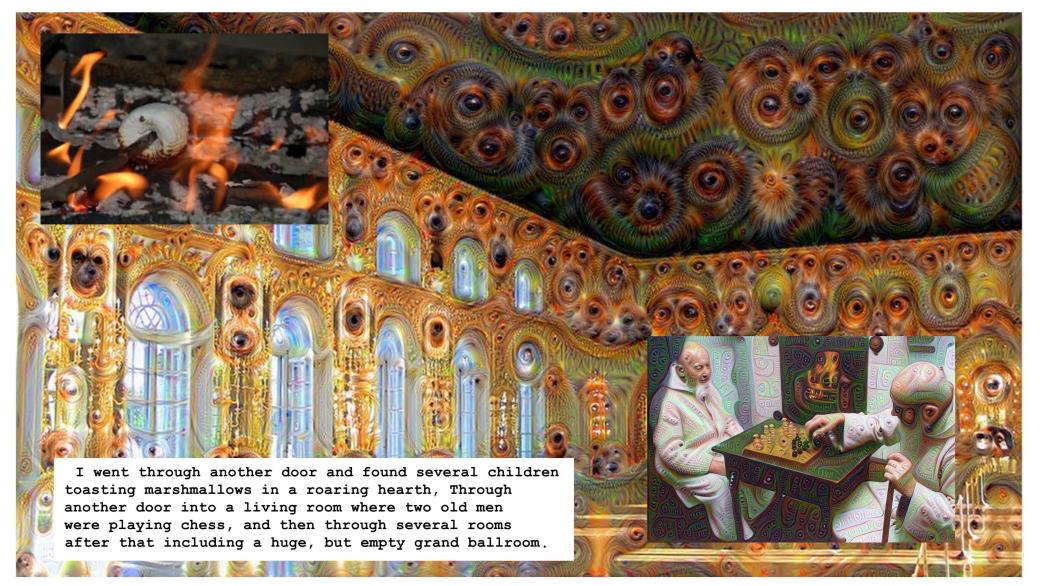


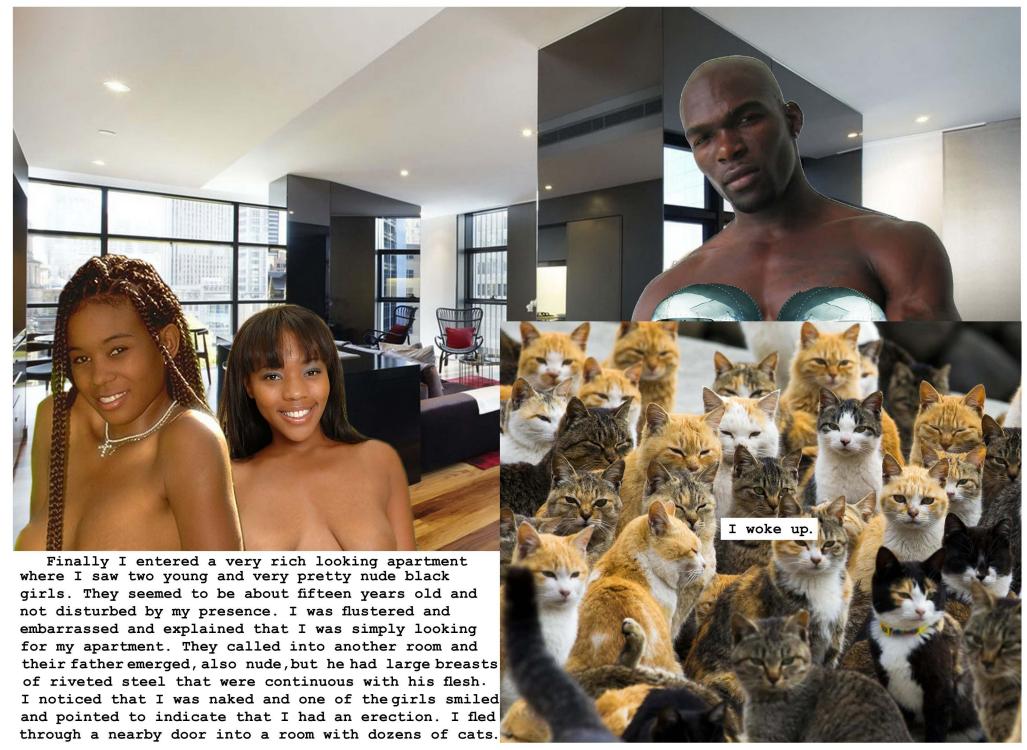
I entered to see that the room was like and old gym with racks on the walls. There were devices hung from ropes at different heights.

Platforms, rings, trapezes, etc., that described a path to a door high on the wall. Somehow I negotiated my way up to the door and went through.

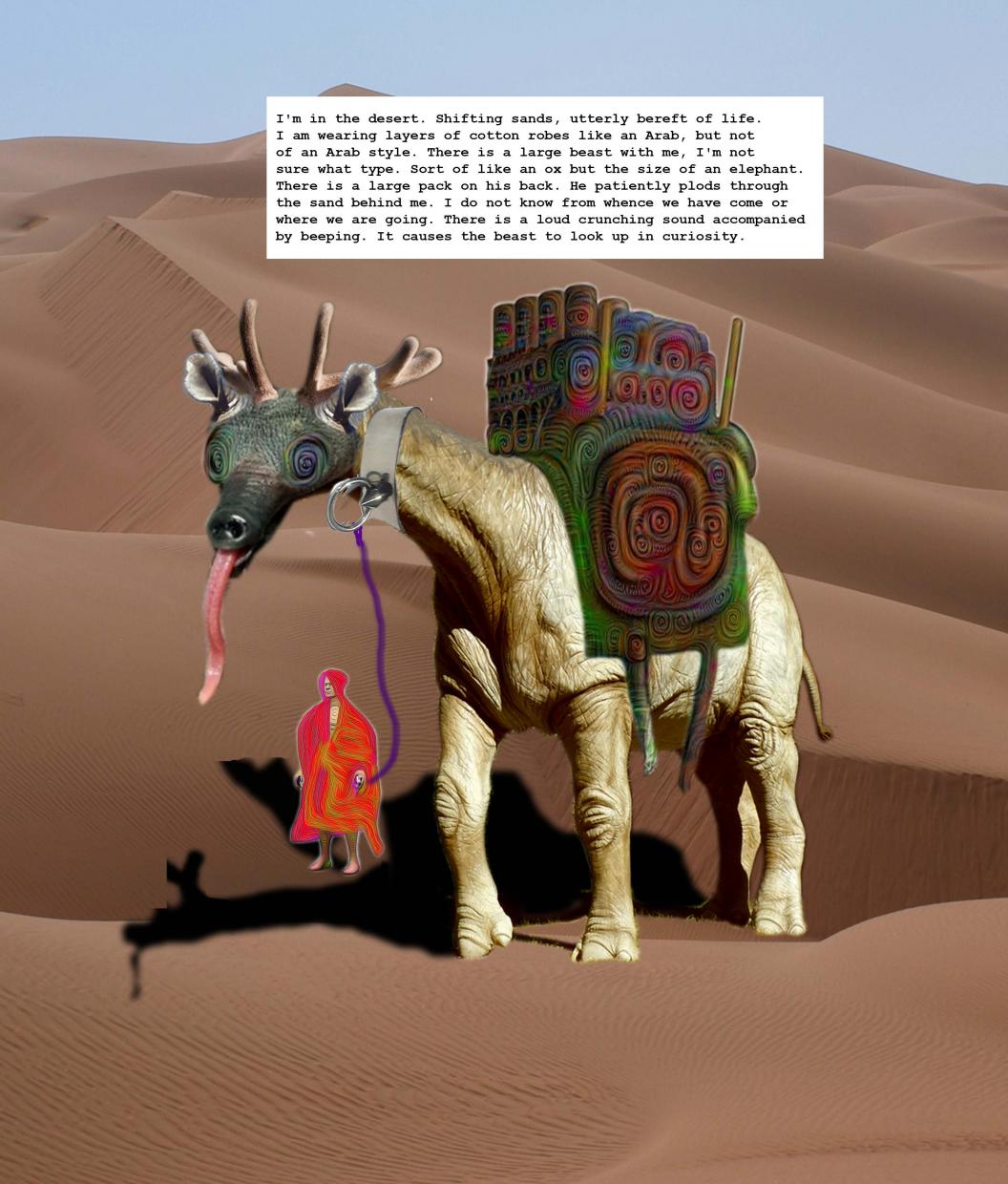


I was in a kitchen and an old lady was baking biscuits.





## Dream Journal 12/28/2014



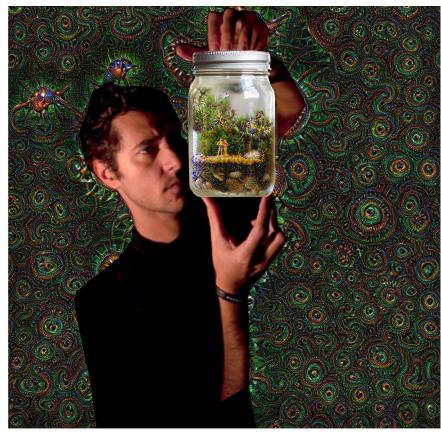


## Dream Journal 2/15/2013

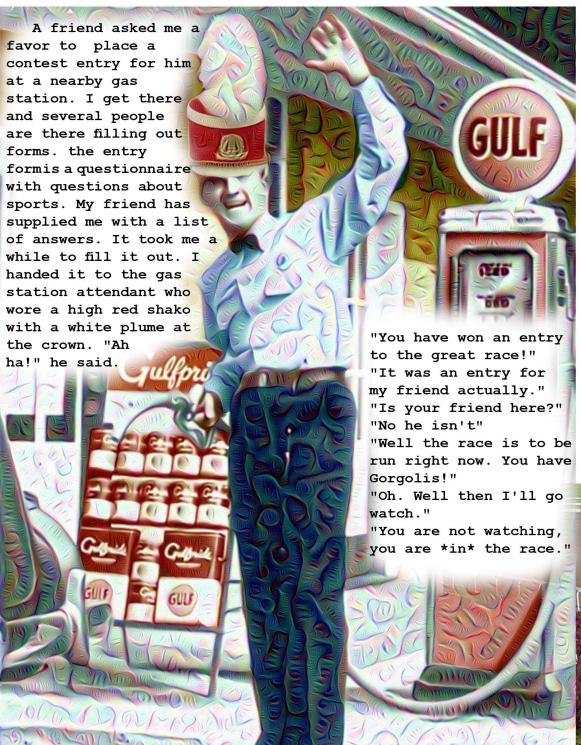
We were little people, all of us about 3 ½ inches tall. The world we lived in was different from this one in that human existence happened on a lot of levels. We knew of races of humans that were that small compared to us and we lived beneath the feet of titans who were the size of skyscrapers compared with us.

Myself and some from my town were captured and placed in a terrarium by one of the giants. We could not communicate with him to ask him to bring us back to our home. He couldn't hear us and wouldn't have understood our language if he could have.



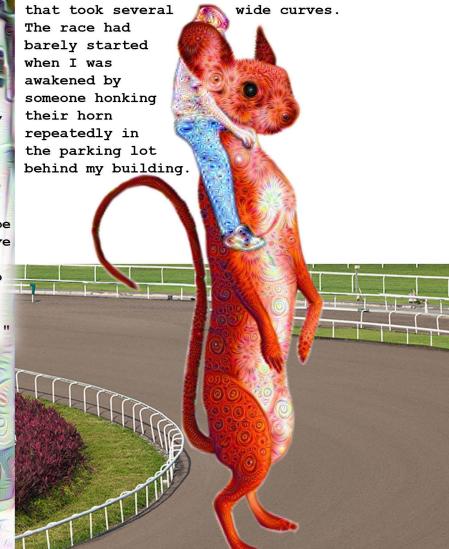


## Dream Journal 7/3/2015



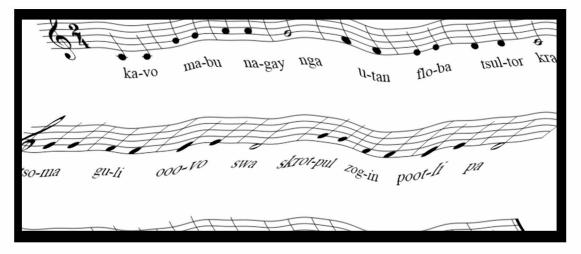
It turned out that Gorgolis was a tall rat like creature that stood on his hind legs and was bright red. He had a huge curved tail which he held high behind him in the shape of a question mark.

There was a saddle up on his shoulders that I had to climb a ladder to get to. I was at the starting line with several other mounted people. The gas station attendant fired a gun and we were off on a grass covered race course



## Dream Journal 2/7/2015

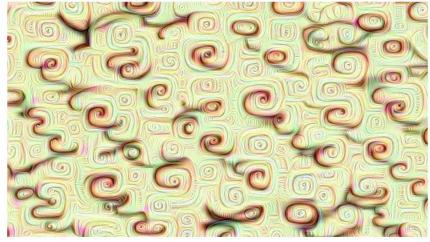
There was a tune. I remember thinking it was halfway between the Alphabet Song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star. Upon waking I realize they are the exact same tune. It was sung in a clear alto voice. The words were a foreign language.



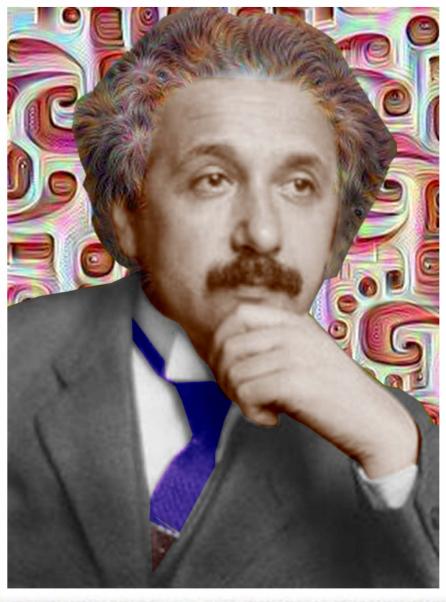
I was thinking that it could be adapted into a great Adam Sandler movie.



I decided to go see Einstein who lived out near the Arsenal Mall. Everybody knew this guy wasn't the real Einstein. This guy was only about 60 years old. The real Einstein lives in Princeton New Jersey and is over 135 years old, but everyone accepted this guy in Watertown as Einstein and dealt with him as if that is who he was. If Einstein read my paper and liked it, it would have a much better chance of being made into a big Hollywood movie.

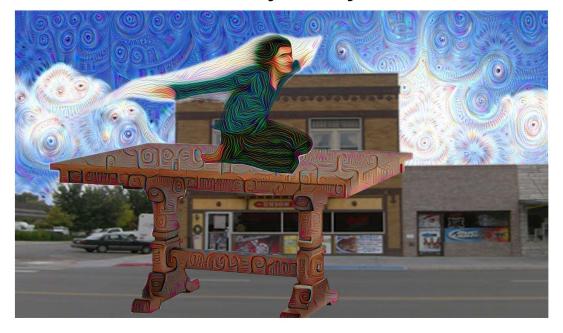


I was in a room writing in longhand in a composition book. The handwriting was much better than my real writing. I was writing a parody of a paper on music theory and I was sure that it was marvelously funny even though it was obscure in almost all of its references and ridiculously over intellectual.





A friend of mine had, for various reasons, decided to thwart me and as I was bicycling to Einstein's house he was on the road beside me driving a dining table.

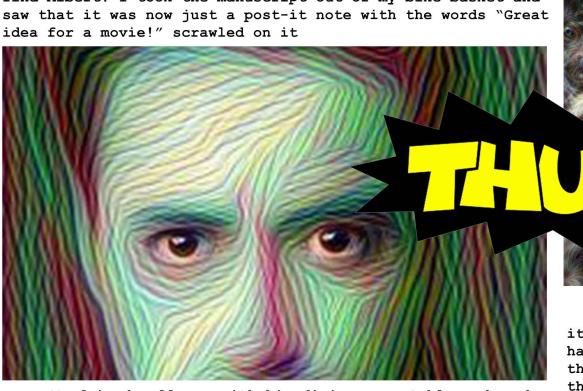




I beat him to Einstein's house and was met by his room mate who was this big friendly surfer dude type named Gary.



Gary showed me into the living room ad said he would go find Albert. I took the manuscript out of my bike basket and



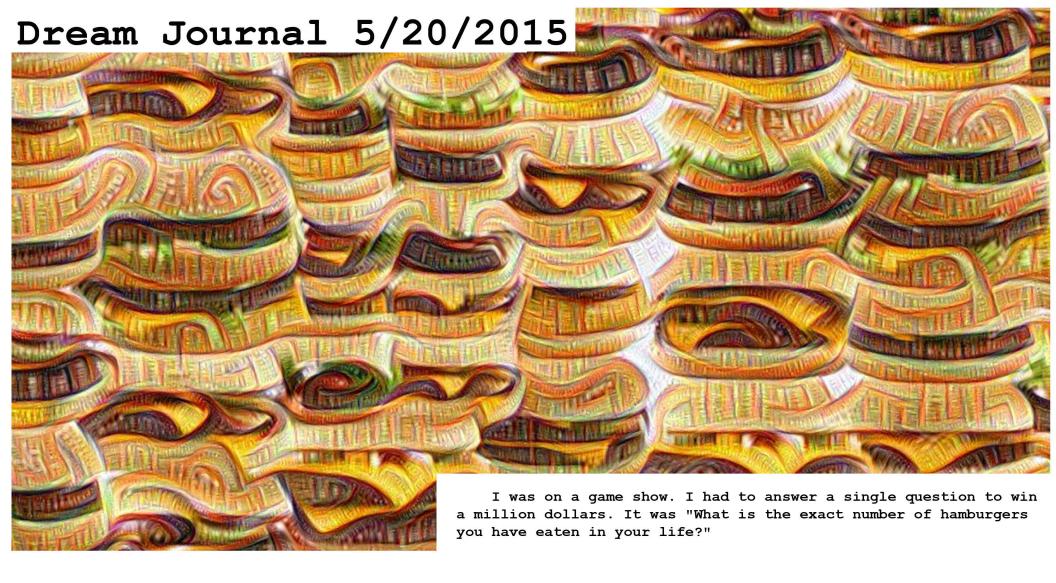
My friend pulls up with his dining room table and parks it on the lawn. He just sits there looking at me.



I hand Einstein the post it note. He looks at it very hard and as he looks his wild mop of gray hair gets bigger and wilder and becomes a thicket that fills the room. My friend is now pounding on the door, but the sound is muffled because the room

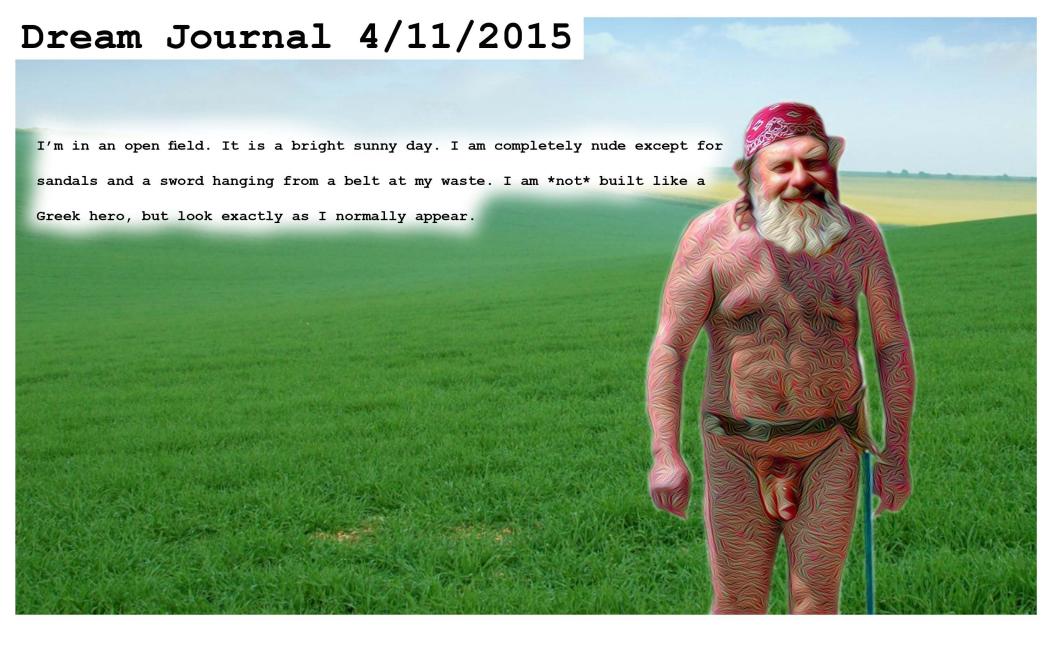
is filled with hair.

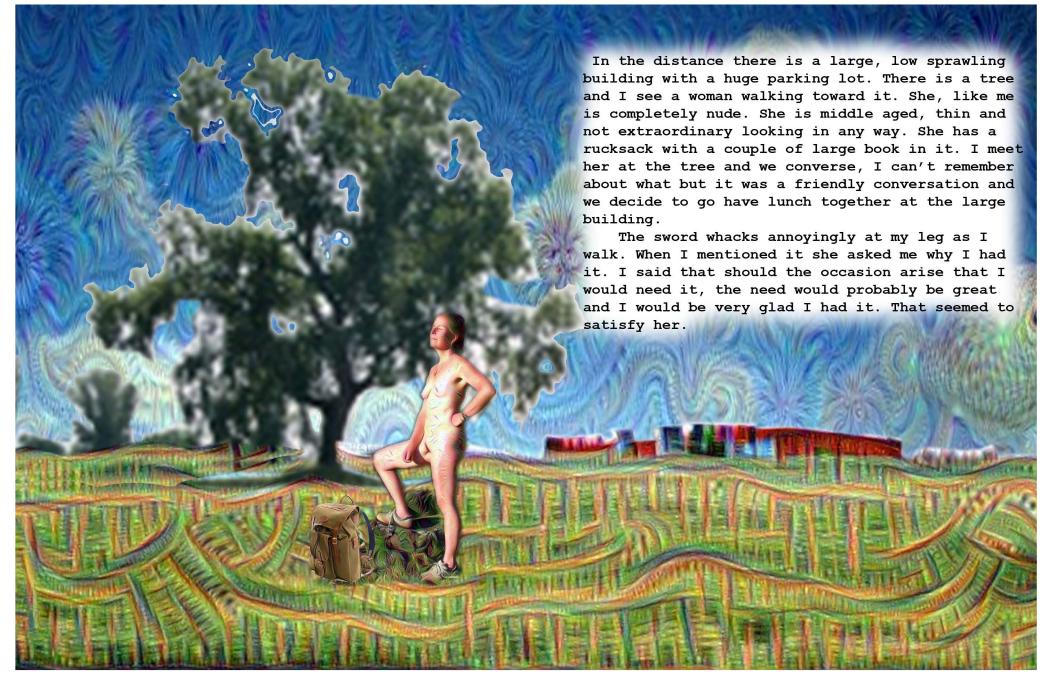


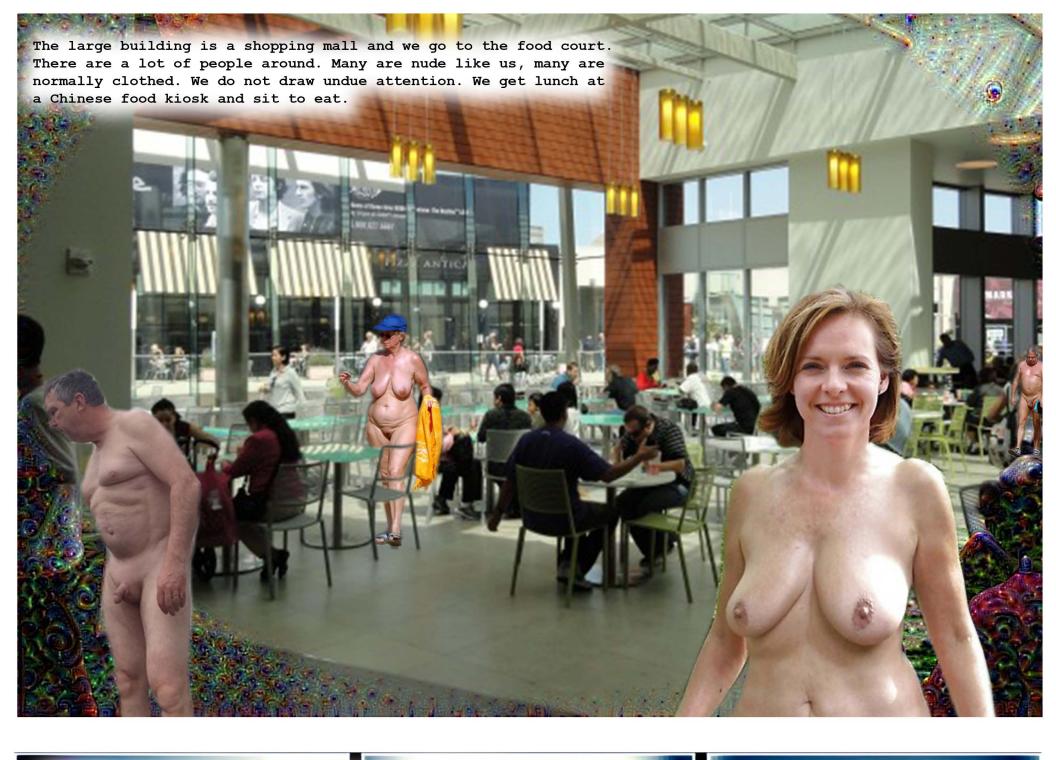


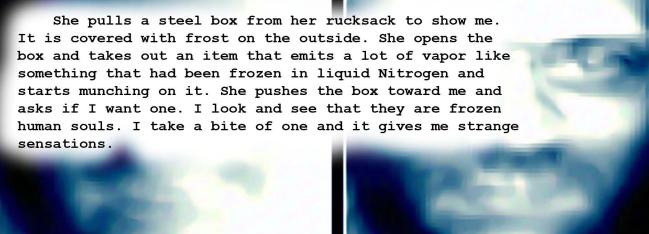
















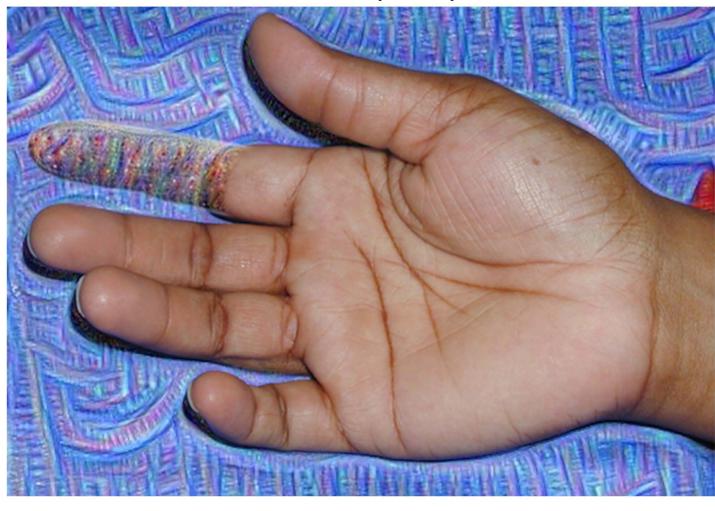


We are halfway through our meal when I become aware again. She has a book open on the table that is printed in Hebrew with illustrations

printed in Hebrew with illustrations of rabbits.



## Dream Journal 2/13/2014



I can't recall all of my dream but part of it was that in one part of my office, I was missing a finger on my right hand. In this one piece of space, my index finger was gone as if it had been amputated many years before. I discovered that I could watch it happen as I passed into the affected area. It would liquidly waver and vanish as I did without discomfort of any kind and would be restored when I stepped out. I showed this to others who were equally perplexed. I was the only one affected with this.

Dream Journal 7/6/2014

In my dream there was a different winter solstice holiday. It had a lot of the accoutrements of Christmas but it was about something else, I never found out exactly what. Like Christmas, there was a general atmosphere of merriness with much song, parties and gift giving and a focus on happiness of children. Also many people felt it had become too commercial.

What I remember most was that the traditional holiday meal was a baby made from meat, mostly ground lamb. It was a tradition many centuries old and I knew that it found its roots in human sacrifice although no real baby had been consumed in over a thousand years. Still the holiday baby was jarringly naturalistic. Butchers took great pride in their product. High end ones really looked a great deal like a small trussed and gutted corpse. The poorer customers settled for something that came out of a mold and looked more like a gingerbread man.





